

# DAILY EVENING STAR.

VOL. 1.

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NO. 131.

## DAILY EVENING STAR.

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(EXCEPT SUNDAY.)

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BY  
JOSEPH B. TATE.

### TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Subscribers served by the Carriers at six cents a week, payable weekly. To mail subscribers \$3.50 a year; \$2 for six months.

### Encouragement to American Poetic Talent! \$500 Premium.

IMPRESSED as I am with the controlling influence which is exercised by the fine arts upon the direction and destiny of human affairs, it has given me infinite pleasure to witness the bountiful manner in which, from time to time, painting and statuary have been encouraged and rewarded by the Councils of the Nation.

But, while this acknowledgment is due to the discerning and worthy patrons of these noble, it is an equal source of humiliation and sorrow to behold the apparent apathy and indifference with which they seem to regard the incomparably more valuable creations of poetry.

To see them adorn the walls of the Capitol with the glowing revelations of the pencil, and decorate the public grounds with the costly chief d'œuvres of the chisel, is an omen of good which will be hailed and applauded by all as a cheering pledge of the progress of refinement. But, whilst they lavish their thousands upon those immobile products of canvass and marble and bronze, they offer no reward for the more exalted, more enduring and renowned omissions of the pen. No fostering hand from these high places has ever yet invited the Prometheus fire of poetry to animate the history of our country, which, with all its harmony of form and wonder of proportion, lies asleep around the humble vault of Mount Vernon, ready to spring into life and beauty at the first kindling touch of this genial inspiration.

It surely were a work of supererogation to introduce the proofs that crowd the records of the past to show how far above all other stands the "divine art" of poetry. What are all the paintings, statues, and regalia of Versailles, of Fontainebleau and the Tuilleries, compared with the "Marseilles Hymn"? What the Kingly pomp of gold and gems heaped up in the Tower of London; what the collections of the Royal Academy, or even the time-hallowed shrines of Westminster Abbey, when compared with the songs of Burns, and Milton, and Campbell? Or what has the world that we would take in exchange for "Hail Columbia" and the "Star-Spangled Banner"? Well might the British statesman exclaim: "let me but write the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws."

As far as the living, breathing man is above the cold insensate marble that is made to represent him; as far as the radiant skies of summer are above the perishable canvases to which the painter has transferred their feeble resemblance, so far is poetry above all other arts that have their mission to console and elevate and inspire the immortal mind of man.

In view of these facts, and considering the lamentable paucity of patriotic songs in my distinguished and beloved country, and with the hope of being the humble means of a proper public feeling upon this interesting subject, I have been induced to offer, and do hereby offer, the sum of five hundred dollars as a prize for the best National Poem, Ode or Epic.

The rules which will govern the payment of this sum, are as follows:

1st. I have selected (without consulting them) the following persons to act as judges or arbiters of the prize thus offered, namely:

The President of the United States.  
Hon. A. O. P. Nicholson, of Tennessee.  
Hon. Chas. Sumner, of U. S. Senate.  
Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, do  
Hon. Jas. C. Jones, do  
Hon. J. R. Chandler, of U. S. H. Reps.  
Hon. Addison White, do do  
Hon. Thos. H. Bayly, do do  
Hon. D. T. Disney, do do  
Hon. J. P. Kennedy, Secretary of the Navy.  
D. J. W. C. Evans, of New Jersey.  
D. Thos. Saunders.

Joseph Gates, } of the Press.  
Gen. R. Armstrong, }  
Dr. G. Bailey, }  
W. W. Seaton, }

Prof. Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution.  
Wm. Seldon, late Treasurer of the U. S.  
Rev. C. M. Butler, Episcopal Church.  
Rev. R. R. Gurley, Presbyterian Church.  
Rev. S. S. Roszell, M. E. Church.  
Rev. Mr. Donelan, Catholic Church.

21. These gentlemen, or any three of them, are hereby authorized to meet at the Smithsonian Institution, on the second Monday of December next, at such hour as they may appoint, and there proceed to read and examine the various poems which may have been received, and to determine which of them is most meritorious and deserving of the prize. And I hereby bind myself to pay the sum aforementioned forthwith, to whoever they shall present to me as the person who has written, within the time prescribed, the best National Patriotic Poem, and upon the representation that he or she is an American citizen.

22. All communications must be sent to me at Washington (post paid) before the first Monday in December next, with a full and complete conveyance of the copyright to me and my heirs and assigns forever.

23. I hereby bind and obligate myself to sell the poems thus sent to me as soon as practicable, for the highest price, and to give the proceeds to the poor of the city of Washington.

24. No poem will be considered as subject to this prize which shall not have been written subsequent to this date, and received before the first Monday in December next.

R. W. LATHAM.  
WASHINGTON, FEB. 10, 1853. feb. 17—

500 PARASOLS, of every quality; very cheap  
1500 yards Printed BERGES; cheap  
2000 " " LAWNS  
Plain and Figured SWISS MUSLINS  
Plaid and Plain CAMBRICS  
Muslin Under Sleeves.

WM. R. RILEY, corner 8th st.,  
May 5—1m  
opposite the Market.

### E. C. CARRINGTON.

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,  
PRACTICES in all the Courts of the District, and attends to the prosecution of Claims before Congress and the Executive Departments.  
Office, east wing of the City Hall.  
Feb 17

### R. H. LASKEY,

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,  
PRACTICES in the Courts of the District, and prosecutes claims of every description before the several Executive Departments and before Congress.  
Office on Louisiana avenue near Sixth street.  
dec 30

### G. L. GIBERSON,

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,  
PRACTICES in all the Courts of the District, and attends to the prosecution of Claims before Congress and the Executive Departments.  
Office on Louisiana avenue, near 7th street.  
jan 3—

### WILLIAM H. BAUM, CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

On Maryland Avenue, near Seventh Street,  
IS PREPARED to undertake any kind of BUILDING, REPAIRING attended to with promptness.  
ap 21—6w

HARRISON & BIRCH,  
GREEN HOUSE RESTAURANT,  
South side of Penn. avenue, between 4th and 6th streets,  
WASHINGTON.  
ap 25—1m

NEW AUCTION AND COMMISSION STORE  
DROWN & HUTCHINGS, near  
Brown's Hotel, AUCTION and COMMISSION MERCHANTS, keep constantly on hand all kinds of Household articles, FURNITURE, FANCY GOODS, HOSIERY, &c.  
Also, a lot of Gold and Silver WATCHES and JEWELRY.  
mar 26

YOUTHS', BOYS', AND CHILDREN'S  
FASHIONABLE  
READY-MADE CLOTHING AND  
OUTFITTING ESTABLISHMENT,  
Penn. avenue, between 9th and 10th streets,  
NEXT DOOR TO THE IRON HALL.  
feb 24

NEW CIGAR STORE.  
WILLIAM O. DREW has just opened his new store, corner of 6th street and Louisiana avenue, and offers to the public a good assortment of CIGARS, TOBACCO, and SNUFF.  
Call and try for yourselves!  
ap 25—1f

AVENUE HOUSE,  
G. W. FRENCH & CO.,  
(Late of French's Hotel, Norfolk, Va.)  
THIS HOTEL, finished at great expense, is furnished throughout in the latest and best style. The rooms are large and airy, and every attention will be paid to the comfort of their guests. Families wishing board can be accommodated at reasonable rates.  
The charge for day boarders will be four dollars per week.  
ap 11—1f

COOPER & MCGHAN,  
PLUMBERS AND GAS-FITTERS,  
Hot-Air and Hot-Water Furnace Manufacturers,  
H. D. COOPER is well known to the citizens of this city as being a general builder, and as being connected with the Hot-Water Furnaces at the Observatory and Winder's Building, previous to August, 1851, and Mr. MCGHAN is a practical Plumber from New York.  
Call and see us.  
ap 15

METROPOLITAN  
HAT, CAP, AND FUR ESTABLISHMENT,  
Penn. avenue, north side, near 13th street,  
WASHINGTON CITY.  
EVANS has now on hand one of the best selected assortment of HATS, CAPS, FURS, GLOVES, and BONNETS, for Gentlemen, Ladies, Youths, and Children ever offered for sale in this city. Also, CANES, UMBRELLAS, &c.  
His stock is all new, and he has determined to reduce his prices. Those now in want of any article in his store can economize by calling on  
mar 9 near 13th street.

E. GODEY & CO.,  
MERCHANT TAILORS,  
5th street, three doors north of Penn. avenue,  
WOULD respectfully invite the public to call and examine their stock of CLOTH, CASSIMERES, and VESTINGS, feeling confident that they are able to render satisfaction, in quality of cloth, style of garment, and last, though not least, in the price to be paid.  
may 2—2w  
N. B.—Two coat hands wanted. None but the best need apply.

Dr. Rose's Dyspepsia Cordial.  
THE Liver being the largest gland in the human body, it is more frequently deranged than any other. Then follows Dyspepsia, Constipation, Cold Feet, and Loss of Appetite—the skin becomes yellow, the spirits droop, and there is a great aversion to society. Regulate the Liver, and you correct all these evils. The surest preparations to take are DR. ROSE'S celebrated Railroad or Anti-Bilious Pills. They carry off the bile, and soon give appetite and strength.  
His Dyspepsia Compound should be taken where a person has been troubled with Dyspepsia a long time. Price 50 cents; but for Colds, Bilious habits, Jaundice, &c., take Dr. Rose's Anti-Bilious or Railroad Pills, as they go ahead of all other Pills in their good effects. 12 and 25 cents per box. For sale at all the principal Drug Stores.

IMPORTANT TO CAPITALISTS.

THE UNDERSIGNED has considerable Territory of valuable patent rights for sale. A working machine of one of these patents can be seen in successful operation at his Office.  
GEO. R. WEST, Att'y and Solic'r,  
Opp. Patent Office, on F st., north of  
mar 25— the Post Office.

MASON'S PATENT SPERM OIL  
for sale, wholesale or retail by  
A. HATCH, Jr.

For the Daily Evening Star.

### The Forsaken Wife's Address to an Unfaithful Husband.

The passing thoughts upon this sheet,  
Perhaps his truant eyes may meet;  
Who cannot speak in words that melt  
The glow which oft his soul has felt.

Yet to his heart they may reveal  
One throb, to make his bosom feel:  
And soon the bitter day may come  
When his may be the "stranger's doom."

Dark thoughts within his bosom pent,  
May make his ering heart repent;  
Perchance, when home and children rise,  
On memory's ever-searching eyes;

He then may see, and feel, and know,  
The griefs which shroud my path in woe!  
It may be, then, too late to dwell  
On wrongs, that now, my sorrows swell.

Too late, to turn from crime away,  
Too late, to change each misspent day!  
And if my face he sees no more,  
While wandering on some lonely shore,

He there may grasp another hand,  
Which writes affection "in the sand,"  
And learn that passionless control  
Augments the pleasures of the soul.

And like the fast receding wave,  
Bears off the lash which passions gave,  
If so, he never can forget  
The long lost hour, when first we met.

For memory to his mind will bring  
A stern and lacerating;  
Past days of bliss may in their turn,  
Rise up to scent a "broken urn."

But he will never find a chain  
To bind his heart in love again;  
Nor may its ever-fond caress  
His cold, unfeeling bosom bless.

Nor aught shall happiness befitful  
While wandering from his "youthful bride;"  
Till borne beyond life's boisterous wave,  
He sinks all lonely in the grave.

Yet would I all his wrongs forgive,  
If I could in his passions live,  
Like when in early life we met,  
Then could I die without regret.

J. H. D. C.

### How Dan Ferguson cured Woman's Rights.

I notice from your papers that Ohio women are troubled with "rights," and I should infer that they had them pretty hard. The same disease broke out in this part of the country some time ago, and occasioned considerable uneasiness in the community. There were some constitutions which never took it, however exposed, but it was a long time before any remedy was found to cure a woman, after the rights had fairly set in. They were more troublesome than mumps or measles, and generally ended in authorship or some chronic type of philanthropy.

There was one Dan Ferguson in these parts, who was a curiosity. He was a man of strong native sense, robust physical structure, but eccentric habits and manners. He was a wit, and excellent company for those who knew him well enough to laugh; but his face was long and solemn and the muscles not very moveable. His droll things were said with such gravity that a stranger would take him to be serious, and he had an unfortunate habit of laughing when he really meant to be sober. Dan Ferguson had little taste for reading, and was not addicted to sentiment of any sort. Were it not for a remarkable fondness for children, he would have been considered stiff and unsocial. Dan had a keen eye for speculation; he would not work; was in fact lazy; but an infallible instinct seemed to tell him when to buy and when to sell. If he bought hogs, pork was sure to rise; if he sold, it was sure sign that prices would fall. Sagacity and good luck in speculations had made him rich. His business trips to the Atlantic cities had given him all sorts of experiences; he could tell all about the actors and actresses, understood the lions, and paid some attention to fashion. His taste in dress run to very large stripes in his vests and watch keys, the weight of which would have been troublesome to a smaller man. He had arrived at the age of forty, and matrimony never had approached him. Certain qualities he possessed, which, together with his wealth, gave him a social position, but the women regarded him as something of a reprobate. I am afraid he was. In this state of affairs a Woman's Rights Convention happened to be held in Harrisburg.

Miss J. Feliciania Wallington attended. Miss J. Feliciania Wallington might have seen some thirty summers, and had for several years been teaching the young idea how to shoot and how to say catechisms. She was tall, full formed and oratorical. She dedicated herself to her "mission," and was decorously, but plainly dressed. She was severe on "the tyrant man," and determined to vindicate her sex. Her hair and eye-brows were almost white, but the eye underneath was clear and full. Miss J. Feliciania Wallington was Chair Female of the Committee on Resolutions. She spoke. She protested. Miss J. Feliciania was obviously a woman who had arrived at her wickedness, had the rights dreadfully, and if left to herself much longer would become sour and philanthropic.

Now Dan Ferguson had a fondness for pets. Sometimes he would tame a crow, sometimes a raccoon. He liked to break in wild horses, and seemed to require

something unusual to tax his ingenuity in the lazy intervals between his speculations. Dan attended the Woman's Convention, and owing to his unfortunate habit of laughing when he intended to be solemn, and of being solemn when he intended to make sport, came near getting into difficulty. He laughed at their pathos and looked solemn at their wit, and being somewhat notorious as a hard case, was used up in several allegorical speeches and almost as good as named. Dan said little, but after a day's close attention he turned to me and said,

"How the devil came she to have the rights?"

He alluded to Miss J. Feliciania Wallington, and proceeded to say:

"If she hasn't got the old Harry in her, I'm no judge of feminines."

This was plainly complimentary, but to what purpose directed, I did not suspect. We passed out of the hall and were walking silently down the street, when in an absent mood he muttered:

"Not a false tooth, no cotton, no srofula! Very odd for such a woman to be troubled with a mission!"

I have since learned that after he separated from me, he halloed an old jockey to his side, called Bot, and put the following question:

"Bot, do you remember that colt we called Tom, that I bought of daddy Jenkins; how he used to jump all the fences, kick in all the front boards of the buggies, break stalls, bite, and run away before I got him?"

Bot said he remembered him.

"When I got him," said Dan, "do you remember how completely I broke him of his tricks; how he kept me busy for six months, what a fine, active, sagacious hardy beast he was, and what a glorious price I sold him for?"

Bot said he did, and looked as if he would like to know what had happened to the horse Tom; indeed he inquired.

"Oh, nothing!" says Dan, "I have not thought of him before for a long time."

And further Dan Ferguson said not.

That evening Dan called at the house honored by Miss J. Feliciania Wallington, and sat a long time, laughing when he ought to be sober, and vice versa, until Miss J. Feliciania got exceedingly provoked.

The next day he called again and sat long. Precisely how the matter was managed, it would take too long to relate.—Miss J. Feliciania was alternately vexed, worried, and flattered, until she came so near hating Dan that she could think of nothing else. No hour of the day was secure from his impertinent but friendly visits. At night Miss J. Feliciania could see nothing in her dreams but huge watch seals, and would frequently dream herself to be unfortunately and fearfully whirled through the air after fast horses. In her dreams she would see Dan approaching, and would run like a wild horse to avoid him, but all at once would bring up in a stately mansion, richly furnished, and would receive the congratulations of her friends as Mrs. Ferguson. There never was a poor girl so bedevilled. When she took her pen or pencil to write a scrawl, the name of Dan Ferguson was sure to slip out upon the paper, which indignantly she would throw into the fire. His desire to marry her, and her determination to reject, she never doubted. But all at once Dan cooled off, and would drive other young ladies, more particularly a blooming young widow, past the house without ever casting a glance in that direction at all. Unexplainable conduct!—Miss J. Feliciania Wallington felt lonesome without his annoyances. Had he been making her a dupe? Did he care nothing for her after all? But no visits from Dan.

At length Miss J. Feliciania must leave Harrisburg. Her hostess partially understanding, perhaps knowing, all about the case, (these married women are magicians in reading the mysteries of courtship) invited Dan to tea and no one else. When he came, Miss J. Feliciania did the best she could to meet him like a very common acquaintance, but she could not put it through to suit her. She was first very pale; then very red; then she was nervous and trembled like a leaf, and against all propriety shed a few tears, which she had thought she had concealed. But after tea she and Dan, quite against her previous remonstrances, were left together in the parlor. Some circumstances, unexpected, no doubt, (confound these married women) took the lady of the house away, and she stayed away. But when she did come back it was obvious that Miss J. Feliciania had been both laughing and crying, and was upon the whole more decidedly composed and radiant in Dan's presence than ever before. As for Dan, his great red face seemed larger and redder, like a full moon in a smoky night. He related quite abruptly that they had "struck up a bargain." Miss J. Feliciania again both laughed and cried.

Miss J. Feliciania Wallington saw a new light beaming on her pathway. She began to look upon herself as possessing more personal attractions than she had imagined; practiced her looking-glass more and her speeches less; in short,

married the rich old bachelor, Dan Ferguson. It was a wonder and a town talk. When any of Dan's old friends joked him about the rights, his eye twinkled with a peculiar twinkle, as who should say, "Leave me to take care of that!" Miss J. Feliciania Wallington was appointed orator to deliver an address at the next yearly convention, and intended to distinguish herself. But before that time arrived she became very much interested in needlework. A ladies' fair or something else was in contemplation, for she never tired of stitching, and cutting, and embroidering little garments, and Dan would sit and see her do it. It was curious for Dan to see what scollops, what unaccountable cyelet holes, and how ingenious devices were made one after another to peer out from the dreary waste of white muslin, like stars from the sky in a clear night.

At the time of the convention, her address had not been prepared. She had deferred it from time to time, and almost forgotten it. But if she had not done so, it would have been impossible to deliver it. She was unfortunately taken sick and could not get out for a number of weeks. It proved to be fortunate that she had prepared for the fair.

When she was a little restored, Dan said, "Jenny!" for the rascal had got to calling her Jenny for short.

"Jenny," said he, "Is it not fortunate you did not have two?"

"How do you mean?" inquired Mrs. Ferguson, languidly.

"Why," said Dan, "that little thing is one. If you had an oration, too, it would have been as bad as twins."

When she was married to Dan, she wore any quantity of white dress, gloves, bonnet and veil, all which were Dan's special aversion, but he said nothing.—When she recovered from her temporary illness Dan took her a journey, and in one of the cities subjected her to "treatment," by a fashionable milliner, took her to places of amusement, and spent a deal of money upon her, against all the maxims of the Rights Society. She had a great many wonderful sensations. The baby was wonderful. It was wonderful to find out that she could figure as a city lady. It was wonderful to see how much her husband knew about everything, and how careful he was to make things happen to suit her. Her old rights friends visited and argued, and she said "of course." They talked of her "mission," and she said she was "going to attend to it," but it was continually slipping away from her thoughts. At length a marked and impressive convention was to be held where all women who had the rights should make a demonstration, and show the world that the cause was onward.—Mrs. Ferguson was really a little remorseful. She had neglected the cause. It was certainly her duty to be present and bear her share of the "labors and responsibilities of the movement." She owed it to her position to her friends, to her sex.

"I'll tell you what, Jenny," said Mr. Ferguson, "I regard you as rather an extraordinary woman."

Jenny did not seem to be angry.

"You do seem to me to be very much of a lady," says Dan—"I always thought you was, and now I know it. I took you up Broadway last summer on purpose for comparisons, and there was nothing in sight that I would swap you for."

This did not seem to be relevant to the subject, but Jenny did not raise her points of order as promptly as she had formerly done in the convention. She had relaxed the rigors of parliamentary law, and consented to personal explanations.

"Jenny," says Dan, "you are a fine woman, and no mistake, and that's a fine baby. I don't exactly want to take you to that cattle-show, and put you into the pen with or'ary critters."

Jenny's eyes opened very wide.

"These women," says Dan, "who are troubled with rights don't amount to much no how. They don't show well in the ring. They are spavined, foundered, or got the heaves, or something else, or they wouldn't be there. You are the only saleable article I ever saw among them, and I do think you belong to a different set."

Jenny said something about woman's mission.

"Well," said Dan, "I don't think you took woman's mission in the natural way. You were inoculated for it, and had it, but I hope you won't have it again. I think you will get over it. It did not strike in.—Now Jenny, let us go to the convention. You shall do the mission if you please, but I'll be hanged if I don't believe you'll disown it. You are a wicked creature, just fit for a reprobate like me, and that little rascal kicking in the cradle. I'll stand by you, Jenny, mission or no mission."

Jenny went to the convention, but it did not seem as formerly. She felt herself inclined to modify resolutions that were offered, and to make exceptions to sweeping clauses; and her sisters in the cause noticed, in not very flattering terms, a change in the views of sister Ferguson. Jenny was really not happy there. When she asked Dan how he liked it, he said, "Oh, very well; only it's a bore—a con-

(Concluded on the fourth page.)